Billy the Buck

By HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

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NE day when I was working on a Dakota ranch the boss, a person by the name of Steve, urged me to take an ax, go forth and chop a little wood,

which I did. The weather was Ideal-a Dakota fall; air' vital with the mingled pleasant touch of frost and sun, like ice cream in hot coffee, and still as sllence itself. I had a good breakfast; was in excellent health and spirits. The boss could by no means approach within a mile unperceived, and everything pointed to a pleasant day. But, alas, as the Copper Lined Killelubird of the Rockles sings, "Man's hopes rise with the celerity and vigor of the hind leg of the mule only to descend with the velocity of a stout gentleman on

On reaching the grove of cottonwoods I sat down for a smoke and a speculative view of things in general, having learned at my then early age that philosophy is never of more value than when one should be doing something

I heard a noise behind me, a peculiar noise, between a snort and a violent bleat. Turning, I saw a buck deer and from the cord and bell₄ around his neck recognized him as one Billy, the property of Steve's eldest boy. He was spoken of as a pet.

This was the touch needed to complete my Arcadia, the injection of what at the time I considered to be poetry into the excellent prose of open Who could see that graceful, pretty creature and remain un-moved? Not I, at all events. I fancied myself as a knight of old in the royal forest, which gave a touch of the

archaic to my speech.
"Come here, thou sweet eyed forest child!" I cried. And here he came.

At an estimate I should say that he was four ax handles, or about twelve feet, high as he up-ended himself, brandished his antiers and jumped me. My ax was at a distance. I moved. I played knight to king's bishop's eighth. In this case represented by a fork of the nearest tree, a wise and snotle piece of strategy, as it resulted in a

My friend stood erect for awhile, making warlike passes with his front feet, which, by the way, are as for midable weapons as a man would care to have opposed to him; then, seeing that there was no sporting blood in me, he devoured my lunch and went ly, a course I promptly imitated as

far as I could. I departed.

Hitherto I had both liked and admired Steve. His enormous strength, coupled with an unexpected agility and agreeable way he had of treating you as if you were quite his own age, endeared him to me. When I poured out my troubles to him, however, re-buking him for allowing such a savage beast to be at large, he caused my feel-Ings to undergo a change, for instead of sympathizing he fell to uproarious laughter, slapped his leg and swore that it was the best thing he'd ever heard of and wished he'd been there to

There are probably no worse teases on earth than the big boys who chase the cow on the western prairies. They had "a horse on the kid," and the poor kid felt nightmare ridden indeed. If I were out with them some one would assume an anxious look and carefully scout around a bunch of grass in the distance, explaining to the rest that there might be a deer concealed there, and one could not be too careful when were wild beasts like that around. Then the giggling rascals would pass the suspected spot with infinite caution, perhaps breaking into a gallop, with frightened shricks of "The deer, the deer!" while I tried to look as if I liked it and strove manfully to keep the brine of mortification from

rolling down my cheeks. I didn't let my emotions take the form of words, because I had wit enough to know that I could not put a better barrier between myself and a real danger than those busky lads of the leather breeches and white hats. For all that I had a yearning to see one of them encounter the deer at his worst. I did not wish any one hurt and was so confident of their physical ability that I did not think any one would be, but I felt that such an incident would strengthen their under-

This thing came to pass, and, of all people, on my arch enemy, Steve. If had had the arrangement of details could not have planned it better. Because of my tender years the light chores of the ranch fell to my share. One day every one was off, leaving me to chink up the "bull pen," or men's quarters, with mud against the cold of approaching winter. Steve had tak en his eldest boy on a trip to pick out

some good wood,
Presently arrived the boy, hatless, running as fast as he could tear, the breath whistling in his lungs. "Come

quick!' was the message.
It seems the deer had followed the couple, and when the boy fooled with his old playmate the deer knocked him yn and would have hurt him badly but that his father instantly jumped into the fray and grabbed the animal by the horns with the intention of twisting his head off. The head was fastened on more firmly than Steve The powerful man thought it would be an easy matter to throw

his antagonist. What he did not a all take into account was that the buck was both larger and stronger than he. Though raised on a bottle the deer had grown into a splendid specimen of its kind. He was by long odds the largest deer I ever saw,

great, Steve was in no kind of training, having allowed himself to fatten up and being an inordinate user of toicco. Per contra, the deer felt freshened and invigorated by exertion. That is the deuce of it in struggling with an animal-he doesn't tire.

I knew that Steve was in sore trou ble, or he never would have sent for help. The boy's evident distress denied the joke I might otherwise have suspected, so I grabbed up a rope and made for the grove, the boy trailing me. I should have walted to get a gun. but I didn't think of it. Those were the days when I could run, when it was an exhilaration to sail over the prairie. The importance of my position as res cuer, which may one who has been a boy will understand, lent springs to

It was well for Steve that mine were speedy legs. When I got there his face was gray and mottled, like an old man's, and his mouth had a weak droop, very unlike the devil-may-care Steve. The two had pawed up the ground for rods around in the fight. The deer's horns beneath where the man gripped them were wet with the blood of his torn palms. Steve's kneed arms and head were trembling as if in an ague fit. He was all in physically, but the inner man arose strong above "Here's your deer Kid!"

gasped. "I-kept-him-for you!"

I yelled to him to hold hard for or second, took a running jump and landed on Mr. Buck's flank with both feet. It was someting of a shock. Over went deer, man and boy. I was on my pins in a jiffy, snapped the noose over the deer's hind legs, tangled him up anyhow in the rest of the riata and snubbed him to the nearest tree. Then Steve got up and walked away to where he could be ill with comfort. And he was good and sick. When he felt better he arose and

opened his knife, swearing that he would slit that critter's throat from ear to ear, but Steve, Jr., who before this had arrived on the scene, pleaded so hard for the life of the pet that big Steve relented and Mr. Billy Buck was saved for further mischief.

That afternoon two of us rode out and roped him, "spreading" him be-tween us as we dragged him home. He fought every step of the way. My canion, a hot headed Montana boy, was for killing him a half dozen times However, feeling that the deer had vindicated me, I had a pride in him and kept him for a timely end. We turned him loose in a corral with a blooded bull calf, some milk cows work steers and other tame animals. 'And I bet you he has 'em all chewing the rag inside of twenty-four hours." said my companion.

That night Steve made ample amend for his former mirth. Indeed, he praised my flectness and promptness of action so highly that I was seized by access of modesty as unexpected as it was disorganizing.

The next day Steve stood on the roof of the shed at the end of Billy Buck's orral. Suddenly he straightened up and wayed his hat, "Deer and bull fight!" he called. "Come a-running. everybody!" We dropped our labors and sprinted for the corral, there to sit upon the shed and watch the combat. Steve didn't know what began the trouble, but when I got there the young bull was facing the deer, his head down, blowing the dust in twin clouds before him, hooking the dirt over his back in regular lighting bull fashion and anon saying, "Bh-ur-ur ooor!" in an adolescent bass profundo. most ridiculously broken by streaks of soprano. When these shrill notes oc curred the little bull rolled his eyes around as much as to say, "Who did that?" and we, swinging our legs on the shed roof, laughed gleefully and encouraged him to sail in.

The bull, having gone through the oreliminaries of his code, cocked his tail straight in the air and charged. The buck waited until be was withi. three feet; then he shot sideways and shot back again, his antlers beatin. with a drumstick sound on the bull's "Baw-aw!" said the bull. Probably that hurt.

Again bull faced buck. This time the bovine eye wore a look of troubled wonderment, while one could mark an evil grin beneath the twitching nose of his antagonist, and his bleat had changed to a tone which recalled the pointing finger and unwritable "H'nhha!" that greets misfortune in childhood. "I told you so!" it said. The bull, however, is an animal not easily discouraged. Once more he lowered his foolish head and braved forth like

a locomotive. But it would take too long to tell all the things Billy Buck did to that bull. He simply walked all over him and jabbed and raked and poked. Away went the bull, his erstwhile proudly erect tail slewed sideways in token of struck colors, a sign of surrender dis regarded by his enemy, who thought the giving of signals to cease fighting a prerogative of his office. Away went the horses in a thundering circuit of the corral, the horned stock bawling in terror and Billy Buck "boosting" every one of them impartially. We cheered

"Gad, I'm glad I didn't slit his wind pipe!" said Steve. "He's a corker!

Billy drove his circus parade around about six times before his proud soul was satisfied. Then he took the center of the ring and bellowed a chant of victory in a fuller voice than he had given before, while the other brutes, gathered by the fence, looked at him in

stupefaction. Only once more did Billy Buck figure in history before he left us for a larger field in town, and on this occasion, for the first and last time in his career, he

got the worst of it. A lone Injun came to the ranch, a very tall, grave man, clad in com ture clothes. A battered high hat sur

Well, Steve got the surprise of his life. It didn't take him long to see the buttle was all against him; that the best he could hope to do was to hold his own until help arrived; so he sent the boy off hotfoot. Although his power for a short exertion was power for a short exertion was plenty leg gear, he thought. He bore a great street was to be left of the commendation from a white ed his trousers. A breech clout was plenty leg gear, he thought. He bore a letter of recommendation from a white

friend.
"Plenty good letter," said he as h handed the missive over. I read it aloud for the benefit of the assembled

This is Jimmy-Hit-the-Bottle, the worst specimen of a bad tribe. He will steal anything he can lift. If he knew there was such a thing as a cemetery, he'd walk fifty miles to rob it. Any citizen wishing to do his country a service will kindly his him on the head with an ax.

JACK FORSYTHE.

jun, his face beaming with pride.

had any letter at all. That great grave vorces in pressing her suit. Mrs face, coupling the seriousness of childhood and of philosophy, simply offered or things, that since the divorce which an irresistible temptation to the writ-er of the letter. There was something husband comes within the purview of pathetic in the way the gigantic sav- this decision, young Blaine has never age folded up his treasure and re-placed it in his coat. I think Forsythe wife, and his second marriage, therewould have weakened had he seen it. Still, after we laughed, we felt all the looking for work, a subject of research miss the result. It is always business Blaine does not come within the defirst on the ranch, and a practical joke takes precedence over other labors. Steve hung around the corral, where he could peek through the chinks. Hoarse whispers inquiring, "Anything up yet?" were for so long answered in the negative that it seemed the day had been in vain. At last the welcome shout rang out: "Injun and deer fight! Everybody run!" We flew, breathless with auticipatory chuckles. We landed on top of the shed to witness an inspiring scene—one long legged, six foot and a half Injun, suitably attired in a plug hat, cutaway coat, breech clout and moccasins, grappling in mortal combat a large and very angry deer.

(To Be Continued.)

Public Sale of Franchise.

Paducah, Ky., May 7, 1906. I will offer for sale, at the city hall door, on the 30th day of May, 1906, between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock a. m., a franchise for operating a street railway in the city of Paducah, in accordance with an ordinance recently passed ordering such sale, and in accordance with the terms and conditions reserved i such ordinance.

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Intends to Take Advantage of Recent Divorce Law Decision of Supre Court.

New York, May 24.-New York and Washington society was startled today by the seemingly well-authenticated rumor that Mrs. James G. Blaine "Plenty good letter!" cried the In- who recently went to Sloux Falls, S. D., to begin divorce proceedings against I coughed and said it was indeed the son of the late republican statess. Steve and the boys fled the man, intends to avail herself of the re-Now, we knew that Jimmy cent decision of the supreme court of was a good Injun or he wouldn't have the United States touching upon di-

Still, after we laughed, we felt all the better disposed toward Jimmy, so I don't know but it was a good form of Bull, of this city, whom she married introduction, after all. Jimmy was immediately after divorcing Blaine, At least partial confirmation of the statenot general to the Injun, but by no ment as given above was secured lastmeans so rare as his detractors would night from Dr. Bull, who, while admit-make out. He got it. The job was to ting that he understood Mrs. Blaine clean out Billy Buck's corral. Steve would seek a separation on the grounds found employment for the hands close to home for the day, that no one should divorce which his wife secured from

EXPRESS COMPANY

Renews Lease for Five Years- New Room Nearly Ready.

A renewal of the lease of the American Express company for the building it now occupies on Broadway for another five years' occupancy, was closed yesterday. The building at 430 Broadway to be occupied jointly by the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis ticket office and the Southern and Adams' Express companies, will be ready for occu pancy by the end of the month, it

DOCTORS

Meet and Appoint Committees Carry Out Work,

The McCracken County Medical se ciety met last night and appointed committee composed of several doctors R. C. Gore, of Lone Oak, chairman, to perfect arrangements for the first open air meeting to be held two weeks from yesterday. A committee was also appointed to look after the collection of dues from members in settlement of the expense of entertaining the Southwestern Kentucky Medical so ciety.

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First Trip Out.

B. Starks, will start Sunday for Ar kansas and Missouri on his initial trip for the Starks-Ullman company.

The young man is but fifteen years old but has been sudying the business for some time and is ready to "hit the and learn to dispose of the goods to the trade

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Are Light on Court House

R. T. Lightfoot, county judge, is onsidering the advisability of placing big are light on top of the cupola at the court house. He thinks it wi light up the grounds at night and beautify the court house and yards afnightfall. Judge Lightfoot does not desire the beauties of the yard hidden by night.

Growing Aches and Pains.

Mrs. Josle Sumper, Bremond, Tex. writes, April 15, 1902: "I have used Ballard's Snow Lintment in my family for three years. I would not be without it in the house. I have used it on my little girl for growing pains and aches in her kneez. It cured her right away. I have also used it for frost bitten feet, with good success.It is the best liniment I ever used." 25c, 50c and \$1.00.

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